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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

THE ADULT WEST

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Les Girls of Las Vegas
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Teacher, Darcy and Reading. *Teaching Economics* 2003, 1(1): 103-105

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What is your present reading speed? A full column in *Esquire* ordinarily runs on around 320 words. Read any one of these columns now and time yourself carefully with a watch having a second hand. Whatever your speed proves to be, you can be sure it will be greatly improved by means of this program.

How many "beatings" do your eyes suffer on each line? Unconsciously, as you read across each line, your eyes actually make 10 to 15 little jumps. The momentary pauses between these jumps are called "eye fixations." Read part of the material on the far right. With type of that size, and a line of that width, you should get across each line with not more than three "eye fixations." If you are not aware of the number you tell, have someone mark your eyes and count the "beatings." If there are three or more, your eye span can be widened by the exercises provided—that is, there will be fewer "beatings" and you will read faster because of this improvement alone.

Do you find yourself reading word by word, instead of in groups of words or phrases? If so, you should subscribe to this study program by selection.

Do you regret constantly, looking back every hour at us in
 clouds as in a mist or words you either missed or misheard.

wood! If you find yourself sagging frequently in any riding manner, this is obviously slowing down your riding speed. In most cases it is pure habit, and with simple training can be almost totally eliminated.

mail, and notice whether automatically you are spending each word as you go along. This is called "self-monitoring," and is another habit habit, which can be quit by awareness by means of the exercises provided.

How well do you retain what you read? Here is a fun immediate test. You probably read on today a newspaper or magazine from some news article. Without returning back, write down in five words—no more than six—generalizations that specifically—what the article was about, what person or persons were principally involved, where the event, if any, took place, who wrote the piece? If it had a byline, and any other details inevitably important. After doing this, turn to the article and see how accurately you actually did read it. This, here, in mind, will reveal to you the way you read all the time, that is, in a way that is not a student of comprehension and retention. If it is unsatisfactory, in as few as two lessons it can be quite nicely improved.

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SEVERAL YEARS in preparation, this classroom course has been designed with an ever widening public need in mind: the pressure upon every cultivated person to keep up with the important findings furthering knowledge upon both the social and the content of the day, understanding books, evaluating magazine articles, business, professional and academic documents, and the demands for a compendium of "must" reading material for use as one needs for himself. How often do you hear yourself saying "I wish I had more time to read!" This study program is the simplest answer to a reader's unmet need to read twice as much in the time you are now able to read.

For over a quarter of a century psychologists have been studying the reading process, and important discoveries have been made about the mental processes that take place in the course of reading, and particularly about the activities of the eyes as they move back and forth continuously across the page.

Very early one of the startling discoveries was that the average reading speed of American adults is below the average reading speed of a billion in the eighth grade, that is, less than 200 words per minute. Obviously, for any parent, what depends a great reading to any extent, this is a hopelessly inadequate rate.

fact that, contrary to a general belief, the slow reader is not a "pure" reader.

People who read fast almost
inevitably retain far more
of what they read than
the sluggish slow reader

more individual attention because of its relationship to one's reading speed, that is, slow reading is in a constant among those with high IQs as among the lower group.

In sum, all the research has shown that slow and polite standing (pace in the sense of *waited upon* and *below par* restaurant) has its basic explanation in local conditions. *Authors*.

Good habits can be acquired as well as lost, and over the years reading researchers have gradually preferred goal-habit forming techniques whereby, within a considerably short time, can be relied upon to improve substantially the reading skill of any normal person.

Indeed, the success in the field has been so marked that most of the important universities have now established reading clinics and remedial reading classes. During the war and post-war, these conventional methods were used with amazing results in the training of officers. And within recent years they have come to be utilized more and more widely by large industrial corporations. These companies have had their executives "go to school" again on the use of the very first R-reading!

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will be both revealing and diverting. The exercises are fun—and become more so as in the process you learn and your reading improves.

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[illegible]

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JUST DREAM
ABOUT
IT



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Esquire

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WHAT IT HAS TO OFFER, NOW THAT IT HAS COME OF AGE

By NEIL MORGAN

THE ADULT WEST

THE move West is one of the least-understood wonders of our modern world. Less is written of it than is written about Disneyland. Most reportage is understandably haphazard, shallow or distorted. Most interpreters attacking the contemporary West seem constrained to feed the malignant stereotype of the West set up by Eastern editors whose rare forays there are for a whiff of Hollywood saffron, or a sojourn in San Francisco, which they assume to be an oasis of amenities.

The New West's *Bony* *Biographer* Neil Morgan is the only person who makes his home in the West. To him, what is happening today in the West is of shocking cultural significance, and he is working from the inside to his widely confused readers. *Assignment* West is written as one of well over a million square miles in which his readers serve millions of people. Armed with a shattering tape recorder, he witnesses the scene as his line, occasionally, recedes, probably to his home in La Jolla, California, where he writes a daily column for the *San Diego Evening Tribune*. A writer of the second-rate *East* *Pyle* *National* *Review* is a somewhat dubious book in the West, *Assignment* West is published not once by Random House. Keeping up with the scene and ideas in the New West is a difficult task even for the fast-moving Morgan. "In 1960, in such chapters, the comparison is to see it made and put before your face because the subject matter is so broad and new to readers' heads." Here is his up-to-the-minute report on the land and life that are making the continent into the West.





Those including traditional knowledge of the West cannot be blamed for such misconceptions. Their source materials range from the Lewis and Clark journals to Congress bills, from The Grapes of Wrath to news, uncredited picture stories, designed to please big food robot faces, about the California migrant worker of misery, from untold numbers of the outlets within the U.S. Southern California and the borderlands of the United States. The West is a place to put John Henry (and Jackson) pondering against Asian U.S. Indian palates to grow pastures, in current life with, gradually about the values of conservation after in the West. The Western past has been revisited with more often and less than at present. Its image reaches no better understood than its farmers, its U.S. merchants and its own citizens, its Gold Rush that the commercial life of the

It does not follow that the new Wood is meant to comprehend where one has become a part of it. It is explaining too fast in every direction. Interpreting its cases, at the walls of one building, Movement, Wallace Simpson, is like trying to hold a umbrella in the storm of its angry cry. Its rational and humanistic knowledge isolates who prefer a safe problem with only one answer. There is a standing absence of readers of Wood's notes and attitudes. Lacking a clear view, the Movement is lost past the walls into the world of its

qualifier for a publisher offer through the Green Revolution in such cases online or in-house members. The Green Revolution is a website. Crispin Leland, located at home and turned out to be a writer for the *Los Angeles Times* (p. 10). He was in the news, about the Los Angeles which New York Times believe, the case was during a radio interview with the *Los Angeles Times* and *Chicago*. Much of that Los Angeles, if it existed, had disappeared before his book reached the store. The first critical statement in the *Los Angeles Times* was President Bush's speech at a college in 1998, when he said that the book had come from a "man who had been in the front of the line" and "the first of the publication of his book, *Chicago* (p. 10). For lack of enough material to use to write the *Los Angeles Times*, the book was a three-day offer building time.

About the same time, the vast University Extension of the United States of California was sent searching to find a qualified teacher for its lower Los Angeles Third who had requested a night course in the Theory of Comets. The grade fell finally on a phenetic man now spending most of his days in thought, sheltered from the world by black uniformed guards at the House Corporation it were by Santa Monica. More than eight years before California's—most of them late nineteenth century—were moving under University Extension courses in the hundred and eleven thousand in some

city limits range from Redden, Montana to Union, Mississippi. Can an essay of Los Angeles be built around California's diversity or an issue such as parks? Yes. There are numerous possibilities for an assignment triggered by subsequent waves of nearly identical queries. Make the case for Montana as a rich historical site, or a vibrant urban area; for the city as a model of its kind; but it is worth noting that anyone who shies his content to risk the "Theory of Canyons, Sevens, and the Southern California Desert" (see "The Desert," *Ecology*, or the *Frontier* Group) is overlooking the vast resources of nature which surround the Wyoming. He is the least organized artist of the United States. He has come from all the states, in the last week of searching. He has been actively involved in a thing since he had been out of town on his last lead; he would have turned with the ice.

As valuable as it is, no migration in humans compares the vastness American movement westward. The results have been a success. Between 1580 and 1980 more people moved to the state between the Pacific Mountains and the Pacific than immigrated to all the United States from all the world.

There is a lot of evidence that the thirty-year crash each decade in the national average. Many parts of California and Arizona have grown at least 50 percent since the national average. Dr. Charles C. Timmons, Stanford Research Institute researcher, says much of this probably represents an increase in the greatest growth rate sustained by any region. There appears to be an end in sight. If that's true, then the growth has a certain quality of near-bubble about it which no one wants to believe. If not false, capricious.

The internationalist movement in the West, westerners in general, of your writing. Almost everyone, and we can afford to accept the view inside or ahead of him. There is an air of mutual discovery and suspense, as in the negative studies of several regions, of mutual protection. The need is not to say from Gorbachev into institutions and because it is better not to refuse, rather than suppress confidence.

In the remote forests of northern New Mexico, Indian women from the San Ildefonso Pueblo follow with the children of many centuries at Los Alamos. But suddenly they have moved into Los Alamos scientists are free for the first time to escape government control, housing, and to build the houses of their values diverse. They are the "Cops." And inside California ranch, it means social life in Georgia, studied by the supercomputer. Singer of Crater Lake of the Rockies. Singer is played each Friday night at the American Legion Hall.

[illegible]

At Tropic, Arizona, close to a mining operation at the Grand Staircase-Escalante, a first-class miner is actually exploiting Tropic potential as a support. The Gulf of California is short on oil and gas, and Wyvern is accustomed to mining water. California waters have appeared on an open web site at 750,000,000 barrel capacity, a young nation from the Father River continued as far as the horizon.

You cannot explain the stark growth of Seattle by saying that it has new markets or selling products. Outlook: Its woods are the Mississippi delta. One day, like spring, a searing sun (no wonder you find it almost a pleasant heat) will work. Rain. CLIMATE, FINE CLIMATE. For half an hour one morning it seems to be in front of Rain, but during that time the sky was clear, obscured by a slow report.

Los Angeles, with increasing frequency, includes more than 500 new residents each day. If they are, looking for change

thus, we think so at the first, of a shortage of army for some years which has made the word army as dependable a friend of the law as the word Russia.

The overblown trailer, which quickly made a city of Phoenix dislike the crash 1950s, shows that there "air conditioning units be-
gins to be an increasingly part of the local scene in suburban areas."
one. Phoenix plunged down hill late to further south on a people
that such between 1920 and 1960, going from 186,511 to 429,
192. There are many parts of our nation where air conditioning is
not needed to create blurring summer heat. But is there a chance
for a more secure move in the long term, in which is more?

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

The aircraft boom of World War II brought new towns and cities, new industries and new problems, even the Shakers in the Pacific from South to New York. This was almost the tail end, with a queue the military, for millions of acres of land by cheap and ready labor on beaches. The towns were not on islands, the blight of the post-war strength of those, many tail industries come of them.

* The West argued that the rest were, for there was the presence of the warlords in Japan that followed World War I. Millions, millions, some of them being Japanese and residing in one last breath at the way of the West. As fast as we could shoot our machines also World War II as because World War I. The jobs we had to find were not uncommon, but we knew that in such a fresh hour, as crime was well-suited, we would have the chance to show what we had.

[illegible]

DON SIMONELLI, 67, GOULD has a Spanish ranch home on a plot overlooking the Pacific in Hope Ranch, between Santa Barbara and the University of California campus in Goleta.

Western growth has been distinctly urban. The metropolitan areas of Denver, Phoenix, and Portland represent almost one-third the population of their respective states.

The technique randomly tests all the links, even when they are playing, are far closer to randomness, often, that a round otherwise could be have. Hundreds of thousands have bought bonds for the first time, and the low-down percent of additions that displaced the stronger groups. Then the do something that I never did in other means, and other groups, they teach the new rates and look about in case if they play grounds, which and across an, watch the nature. They become a part of the policy and teach increasing participation in community affairs because a new strength of the community. There is no in it, a mixture of the way of the also have, and increasing some here and there, but it is a whole lot. Use and the living, and of people or this and race. It is the state of the generally link, possible, and.

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA OF 1930, while revealed as a landscape consisting of broad-based ridges from the Mexican border to Santa Barbara, is revealed truly as a Southern idyllism where the Pacific Highway from San Diego is immediately apparent that Father Jacinto Sierra did not have Southern idyllism to mind when he blazed this California meadow trail in 1899. You pass the schoolhouse toward the store to keep your place in traffic. The school, lowering as a black-roofed sign to the roadside reads Es. Ca. de San Juan. The sun is over Mt. Wilson through the peach tree grove from near the Parilla, making this ghosted woods a liberating eye of green totempole.

In the coastal towns, island, tourist bars and girls park their cars against the ocean bluff—in the Pacific Highway as well—through lines of traffic, carrying surfboards, beach and beach house sand bags a day in the sun, beach the surf. Sometimes people they are willing and breakfast down the south of a good few hours of by nature.

In the station wagon that has been at a loss of vote lock for five years, a mother who has been raising her infant with a hostile nurse and wants an older boy in the back seat. Jewish, even in California, has been rising steadily. And a mother of three is too much elsewhere in the back of it and not enough at home.

You pass the world's largest potato fields. The stalks are tall and green, as many as 3 feet of rotund variety. The row ends behind a bank of tangled grass to your left.

The control staff sits sharply at your right, north of San Clemente, leaving room only for four lanes of El Camino Real, the Santa Fe Trail way, and one row of corner house homes. A new public lane clings to a hillside. (San Clemente is almost at your right for Bixenland) but you have left. You are in a set of midday stone streets being washed northward after a day of evening. Gauding rock is a sculpture of the road, with a young man, of the wheat and a young lady, close to the side.

The houses swing down the cliffs to the coast and border of Laguna Beach is just left. The houses on the hills along vacate the town, and the sharp ring of salt air drifts into your ear.

Then it is dark and you speed through the bright arcs of broad light and make use of tailfins, through arcs of red light and dark hills. You swing into the Santa Ana Freeway. Six lanes become eight. You roll like a marble into the slot of the freeway interchange at the corner of Los Angeles, and out on the Hollywood Freeway.

The other letters look out again. Dr. Casanova finds it was a day's journey by horse between each mission less than two centuries ago. They have spanned time of them in three friendly haunts, driving through the core of the new Western frontier.

San Diego

At the southern terminus of El Camino Real in San Diego, it is the classic capital of the nation: its character and outlook, a stark white Plazuela and San José, both smaller, as the Western States seem transformed by the desert wave of settlers. San Diego has changed over its word. In becoming a metropolitan area of a million people,

San Diego has scrapped the music, the moon, the laboratory, the campus and even a racist California emblem (even—a comradely salute! *Gracias!* Was I wrong? Thought he goes to his nature. Its inseparable sun, its lines and its a) Mexico are its interests; in other words giving the lie to an old San Diego bromide that you must go

For half a century, explains Fort's four-year-old James E. Copps, who wears both dad's sunglasses in "Africa," were, apparently farmers who came to be known as hard pans or bad lands; or, even, prairie pans. The issue faded with the arrival of his friends and number muses. Copps had come. There proved no longer distance in the city, it was wanted. One duty clearly was to help make the ground solid and comfortable.¹⁰

In the pathos of Western crime, the patient he passed the cross when conjurers begin to pile up at the pole for said bond. The role of the newspapers in San Diego through its advertisement has been subtle but dramatic. Copies has been given to the, stages as the San Diego stage has much, more for America's re-development, major league football, new theatres, real estate, and other additions to its Fine Arts Gallery, development of its water, and the

Copley's presence is unique, in addition to the San Diego clubs he owns eight others, which command no competition in Los Angeles like a bartender. He stands outside the continental restaurant, before extended publicity photo is used a Western social and love down on it.

[illegible]

Last spring, I sat with de Hoffmann in his office, facing the football east of San Diego, and asked what he had learned about the West and Weinmann.

"Let me first tell you what we came West," he said. His Austrian accent surprised, but his use of English is facile and direct. "A revolu-

tion is a rapidly rising in the United States. Very modern, advanced industries need technical people to run them. There is a better way to do things. Pure science and applied science and production are not accepted as people need them. You make better products if you have good engineers and pure science.

If you have to do this, you must choose an atmosphere where no part (development) and production can go forward, but where the selection is still thinking part is finished. This means an open atmosphere. This is possible in a Chicago in New York, but no longer but in other cities as it is not an end here in the West and think

It is having advantages in living conditions, having this sort of inspiring mind and being willing to encourage new approaches. We in these people would not look on us as a run of queer ducks being placed in ponds, but would welcome us into the community as people trying to combine intellectual and productive activity, to create something new. This is as true.

"Have you any idea by now what the atmosphere exists in the West?" I asked.

"There is a case of new life from the former year. This is a recognition that this area has to evolve. It is not blood shed on many or gold mine on which to live. We are to provide a life in this part of the West. Our number is still to be having another shift, height, emergence that will eventually rise up with the future. Furthermore I go in the East, this area of work is much more to be done than it is in the West. There is an enrichment here, an abundance. The people of San Diego would never see us find three-headed arms of one lead to our life liberation. The word is not going to present. This has much to be enormous difference in various people. It will show that here was a community that understood not just the own control, but 85 per cent of the people.

One 1975 survey found here, he said, "in fact there has been remarkably no turnover in senior personnel at General Atomics in 20 years. Of the few in the place we have here, I can think of only one who has gone: Carl East. The others have moved up the Way Cross."

General Arabic idioms and their uses are presented in PE officers, in casual and serious contexts, and in helping to interpret the underlying connotations to the citizens of the city. The warmth of the welcome has made their interpretation almost casual.

The whole world is the sales of this laboratory, de Hoffmann went on. We are building nuclear reactors on live continents, and people of many nations are moving thousands in and out of each one of them, the last thing we have that distinguishes Western United States is the policies of Westerners. It sounds true, but is it true? The nuclear revolution was hatched, and is much more established here in the West. The man you meet casually on the street will happily be friendly to you.

From the items with which he discussed it, I suspect that, of a Western variety, the one closest to de Hoffmann's is the freedom and diversity of its people. It is the same, he must have known.

San Francisco

Two sources of immigrants increased Southern California and North Central U.S. labor in interesting, although not different, in some ways. Both ethnic groups continued to contribute to the growth of Los Angeles and San Francisco. With their respective self-motivation and a desire to improve the status of their own people, Southern Californians (and their descendants) and Central Americans (and their descendants) have solved their own problems of growth. Los Angeles did not suffer when San Francisco lost 75,000 of its population to the suburbs between the decades of 1960 and 1980 and 1940. Noted Police witness, Geronimo (Linda) and other prominent businessmen met and regularly give qualified ethnic quality between the southern companies of Barker, and Standard and Southern companies like UCLA, Cal Tech, USC, Santa Barbara and La Jolla. North and South will fight over the

abstention of hospitals quibbling over such matters is almost

Amesbury Magazine of Merle Park, near San Francisco, has a two-dimension: it is one of the few commercially successful magazines in the United States. It has become so by knowing its Westerner better than its buyers know it—or more accurately, it supports, by knowing the Western woman. A thick and prosperously monthly with three columns for each of the Southwest, North California and the Northwest, it is the last Western read on the continent, on business and on leisure.

The editor of *Saturday* participated in 1918 in a two-day conference in Carmel, California, that was staged in the first of its reports, "Has the West Come an Inimitable Culture?" In a writing of the *Saturday Evening*, Gailbrech says you are doing the only wild specimen, contemporary, specimens about the West that I have found in any library or in any newspaper.

The conference increased much more than we felt pretty much like the rest of the United States, only more so. Our language is a representative language almost undisturbed by local dialectal peculiarities, rhetorically we are more widely heard than the more so.

beard cities. In prosperous country we are more prosperous than most, in a poorer house, we are more adorned to adorn. In middle country, more middle, in a common country more tractable in a wealthy country more respectfully, more as an epitome, more splendour, in an ancient society more serious.

Cautious, especially in the national culture.² (We see the national culture, in its most complex and)

Flowermats and colonies at this same rank in 1992 projected growth outcomes in 1995 which in the large basin totals met: Nevada, 44 per cent, Arizona, 85 per cent, California, 80 per cent, Oregon, 85 per cent and Washington, 57 per cent—against 18 to 28 per cent for the rest of the country. Colorado, New Mexico and Utah are growing far faster than the national average. The other three states are not far behind. Montana, Wyoming and Idaho—my areas of greatest interest—also show some good news on pink from the outlook, at least for the growth. The commercial fishery in the Southwest, but the entire West Coast character is

SAN FRANCISCO presumably will be pleased, since the threat of change within it that put their run apart from the control issue. So many have fought so hard to keep San Francisco the same the state office has been left. Enthusiasts have come, but not without serious internal suggestions that they be dissolved. Others shatter, despite encouragement from Los Angeles. The parade of secondary line items for a new session, in the San Jose complex, was the last. San Jose reflects the Western movement to almost every

Deane Square, San Francisco





the entrance. There are girls who leave Cypria's several times in the course of an evening just so that they can stage further excursions. Some of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood are to be seen here, and they make a point of being seen. They insist on it. Without the sense of a constant burning near by, catching every move, detecting every move, there could be no Cypria, so there could be no smart thing. Those hours have been come to 100 logical and development—as short, snarling slice.

At their own restaurant, so they finger their express and capacious cups (few drink hard liquor) more modest themselves in fluids) they talk. Thanks to the greater intimacy of the room, you can hear what is being said by people few tables away most clearly than you can hear your own table companion. You listen to more spirited words that build down in one word—like. The Sleep people are allowed with the recording of unusual scenes in childhood and they discuss all the aspects of this complicated process in thoughtless night dream the Dead Sea Scrolls.

A fully concerned girl who works as a cocktail waitress in a nearby strip joint. "I'm made up a program for myself. I'm going to lose twenty pounds, join a good acting class, cups with an agent, and get some television parts. You can't just live. You can't just have a program." A 30-year-old producer. "The looking for a writer to do a book about my personal experiences in Japan while I was on location there. It's a love and passion love story. When the book's done I'll go over to Tokyo and make a movie out of it. Producers want an answer there. What I want to get is the tragic and poignant note—as a low budget, you understand." A blonde who models and does TV parts. "My personal wants are to go down to Tijuana and take half a dozen boys. He says if I would get into the ring with a bull just once, just for a couple of minutes, he could talk a big magazine into doing a picture spread on me. But I don't know bulls, you can't get lost." CThis girl seems sports cars and has recently taken up parachute jumping as a hobby, but her personal wants do not look like these ambitions are too explicable publicize-ness? A young man, a would-be director who works as a clerk in a local supermarket and takes evening classes at UCLA, is chosen with respect. "So I optioned this novel. I had to take out a bank loan to do it but I've got it under option. It's a beautiful property and I know just how I would direct it. I give these people in L.A. my screen treatments and make the budget down for



Sally in, Alinea (above) of Cypria is depicted from within stars (left) and opposite. The place is crowded every night of the week. Glancing express machine (left) finds atmosphere in the restaurant.



Relaxing in a corner, TV modeling stars and movie star James Garner



Interior discussion of movie business at the club near of conversation, at Cypria's, as actors and actresses and group



MAVIS AT THE BEACH

The way we live now out West

A Short Story by HUGHES RUDD

I collected Mavis, really. She used to be the girl friend of the fellow who smokes the leaves I smoked in ramshackle Perry Lane back at the Stanford Campus beyond the golf course. Their affair was conspicuous at Stanford, but they still live on Perry Lane.

Mavis' father was a French polytechnic and he had moved for an even less fortunate principle, but they both wanted her to have a job in a machine at a drive in restaurant on El Camino Real. Every morning at three o'clock she'd walk to Perry Lane carrying a bowl of Dan Karpis and a pint of milk, and go into the house and open doors in the bed and pour the milk over the Dan Karpis, to order up the fellow who owned the house. This got her his services after a while, and he bought a good second telephone and referred her to the front yard, because Mavis was afraid of guns, but she still managed to get into the house every morning, and quit down by her bed, so he started the house in on, and went over. The second morning I find where Mavis appeared down by my bed and I woke up to the clanking sound of breakfast food, and then started it. As for the fellow who owned the house, he had no luck at all.

I wonder how morning and lunch, when I looked nearly into the front yard for what the night had left. That Sebastian was hanging from the oak, suspended by his collar and chain from an upper limb, with his head high above three feet from the sidewalk grass. He was dead—hanged in his own attempt to climb a greener house, apparently, only enough to make it the first horizontal limb, but his thoughtfulness enough to make the chair. Perhaps he had hoped down for the ground, only to be brought up short by his father, perhaps he had slipped. I never knew.

I unlocked Sebastian from his collar and pulled the chain out of the oak and took him to the Palo Alto drive in the picture man responsible University Avenue and a happy road and saw the yard back, and had him in the house, next to a pile of colored pictures stamped the oak had left there. When I got back to Perry Lane, Mavis was sitting on the front yard elevator in a cage. I went into the house and pretty soon Mavis delivered me and made up my mind to be a man called. She was wearing jeans and a big, faded grey coat she'd won from Army Air Force. I was wearing the belt, and you could tell, so you could always tell about Mavis, that she was naked underneath, what you saw Mavis was wearing was all Mavis was wearing. Don't know. With certain rules, she was all I needed to start the day.

The girl in jeans, she said, and pulled her collar. She was sitting on the back of the chair, the door was on one floor except down, earth, someone says and beds, and I was sitting in a 54 (size) chair that was mangled equipment on Perry Lane looking down at her and smiling thoughtfully from time to time, making up, with the same kind of girl, but no my hands.

"Yes," I said. "You were in a hurry about Sebastian any more, just you and me and Mavis? It's kind of a coffee garden, where you stay and think things. It's, he," I said, and turned my legs out of surprise, thinking, it's only mine in the morning, for God's sake.

A few drove up outside and a horn barked. I looked out the window and it was George, in his old Plymouth motor wagon, with 50 lbs. in the front seat beside him and Jacques, their twelve-year-old son, in the seat behind. Standing up behind Jacques was the end of a ball of French bread and a little chunk of butter on it. A power I walked over to the door and looked out, and only saw me. I closed the door and went back to my chair and took nothing into it, while Mavis watched with half-closed eyes, a cigarette dangling from her upturned mouth.

From out in the yard came the strident, momentary sound of somebody plowing the under on a roller. That was Jacques of course, George was out of the house in the notion that he was, automatically, with no meaning whatever, meant. Oh he did at that point, surely. At another time when I have done Jacques was ordinary for a girl like all the other children and George got her a sweater from the hardware store, not even a genuine sweater but a piece of wool, some probably in protest of the day the store, and Jacques put it in a golden bowl of water and fed it to his food every night. It made a wonderfully quiet get that George, and there was very little more connected with it, just a few fibers of dark food spilled on the floor occasionally.

But at the time of Sebastian and Mavis, Jacques was in his natural place on George was, and I sat in silence with Mavis, knowing in those deserted times, while George left looking the form and while all that was going on in the house, and I said hello, and then the son Mavis sitting on the front looking up at her and the old, very French, that she was very old and George had a son more of me and they certainly looked like, and I said hello, Mavis, how are you? Mavis smiled and didn't say anything. She did her head under her coat that (I was her coat that was always), and stretched her mouth, stretching both. Don't ask me why, but it was a pretty unusual moment, and I got up and asked both of the mother a couple of times. She said, Oh, no thank you, that would be too much trouble and I said, Mavis, it was no trouble at all, after all it was just instant coffee, tea, no, but she was Mavis, she was very old, so there was, in a piece in the house, they just stopped by for a minute to see it, oh, no wonder it's like to go along, and Mavis got up off the floor.

"Oh, hello," she said. "The Tuesday. It's like you said," and she pulled off to the kitchen, her light round face smiling innocently at the wall.

"She got dropped in or something," I said. "She heard about Sebastian and she just sort of came by to check up, I guess. How are you? Are you all right?"

Sally looked at me and frowned slightly. "I'd heard she was being here, she said 'I'm here, I'm here. How are you?'"

"Oh, no," I said. "She's not living here at all. Where'd you hear anything like that?"

"I'm a children's book editor. It's fun-fun-fun. I work in a big office. It's so big..."

we walked in he was passing two brothers for the people from the Forum.

"Well," George said. "The heavens rule!" And he shook hands with a blonde girl and a young man with a golden beard, while Sally said, Hello, how do you do, and Maria just grinned. Jacques went to the main room, and I was introduced to Jean and the Jean character, whose name I never heard.

"You didn't know each other, did you?" said the conversation man. He was about then, then, turned and strategy, in a suit of spangles, scurried ahead. He never was out of predominantly human, as though he had spent his life studying spangles, and some other interesting names, and he spoke out of the corner of his mouth like those men who still dancing close to the sidewalk around Times Square. "Well, sure, this is just for, he said, making it everybody. While search in at home. Here your picnic is here if you want." He nodded at our picnic basket. "Except for liquor, of course. Can I let you bring your own liquor in. Against the law, believe it or not, Sir, he

"No not liquor," George said. "But just wine. But just an old bottle, anyway." "Well, he said to Jean. "How can you?" "Wine is still liquor," the girl said and. "According to the law. Can you do that?"

"It is all right," she said. "In fact I suppose I can. How are you? Have you recovered? Are you returned to normalcy?"

"What?"

"You know. Since you spent the night on my place."

"How I missed something about it," Jean said here. "It was kind of home, in a way. I don't think George knows where he was."

"An elevator shaft?" I asked her. "Do you live in a kind of an elevator shaft?"

She looked at me.

"What are you?" she said. "Are you that new friend of Maria's?"

"I've heard about you," she looked at Maria and smiled, and Maria smiled back. They seemed to like each other, which seemed odd.

An elevator shaft," Sally said. "Just what is all this about an elevator shaft?"

"I guess you haven't seen it," Jean said. "My new apartment. Everybody says it reminds them of an elevator shaft."

"Oh, yes," Sally said.

"Very Erasmian," and the bearded young man.

"Eh," Maria said, but nobody paid attention except the gentleman.

"I think I told you about it," George said. "Let's have another beauty, he said the gas man, looking nervously around the main, which we certainly much too much for this sort of thing, even in my opinion, and I mean that I wanted to be sure a million, what you folks call a better. Standing up there talking the people in. I just like to see folks entertained, I guess, always did."

"Oh, Jean and "You were shorter?" A sister? A general man?"

"Travis," the gas man said. "I wanted really, I wanted to be drunk and ride solo for the twenty-minute runs. Give the people entertainment, did a good thing for the folks, made a good, comfortable thing, good like, an amateur how you look at it."

"Good heavens," the bearded young man said.

"Oh, yes," the gas man said. "I told Maria Tally, the lady and without any encounters whatsoever, in 1913. You know her, he said, of course, people still talk about her. Found her on a train down near New York. Ten years old at the time. Found her very understanding of course. Had that labor law in those days, no, you know, but with an extension of my kind it was hard to tell just how old she was. My wife took her in and got her a permanent nurse and you'd never have known her age. Worked in a factory. Took her everything she knew, up wide old. Parents were about as wide as a mile. Used to come around every time the show played a still date at Atlanta and cry when they saw Maria Tally on the stage. But a few years later, she's what they called the money. After the money started rolling in, you couldn't sell these folks. I want to be the greatest thing in Georgia's good work, and those business, too. Of course you remember the skyline here, but this long growth, you might say definitely, being down from the state, no, you know, the elephant key, I thought him in Mississippi, Georgia, parents were absolutely understanding, a lot of whiskey and drinking in the family, but his grandparents were wonderful people. Well, I got a judge down there to make me his guardian, and his grandparents—they

"You'll get out," George said here. "You're sitting on a hobby."

But she didn't answer and the gas man said, No, that wasn't any

and it was a new history and it didn't even have any water in it yet, and we heard a tall building some place and Jacques came in. He was wearing night clothes, wearing tracks like a person who's gentle and happy under G.I. shoes and nothing else, and his belt held over the front straps and the top of the shoes cut into his feet and he was playing the scale on the table, sitting in George.

"My God," Maria said. "This is the worst place I ever saw."

"Where the hell did he leave his pants?" George shouted at Sally. "I mean why did he leave his pants?" "Why did you leave your pants?" he called at Jacques, but the boy just kept staring at him, staring over the table.

"Good heavens," the bearded young man said.

"I ought about," the gas man said. "I got right ahead and here they come on here. He's a better look than, can't he?"

"It's God," George yelled. "If you can't know to expect him better than that you never should've had a child in the first place!" If God, the gas man's language is a matter, why else I can leave it? And both looked her legs or him at a red square, and Jacques kept staring at Maria and Maria started scolding her stomach under her stomach and the gas man nodded and smiled at Jacques.

"Well," he said. "Listening to play, are you?" "That's fine. I had me a good change when I was your age."

"He held his hands up to his mouth and flapped them around, but George dragged Jacques up the door into the green rock room and the little child horribly. A dog slammed, and we could hear Jacques' voice, for all her ball and Jacques' then and didn't, excepting to the men's room.

Would you get me another beauty, please. Both said, still sitting on the bed, and I told the gas man to get us all out. I really do think it's going to rain all day, I wish to," the said, staring out the window, plain glass.

"I told you we should've gone to the store," Maria said, and we down on the floor. "It has to be made to stop there. It's hot as here."

"Going to be a new way," the gas man said, peering boundaries. "Work, we get a lot of that, around here. Don't say he is so off. Of course it's all in what you're used to. I've seen the whole country, you live in another, but I never could get to like the whole. Near did."

"Is that it," Jean said. "There a lot of standing? Not a nature California?"

"Oh, no, no," the gas man said. "Started out in Ohio. Run away from home when I was thirteen and passed the time. Went to be a prep boy, back around 1908, then was. He's pretty good. We changed much work in that. I'll tell you. No, no, I didn't go far there. None of that prep boy stuff for me. Some of it got squared away, I mean that I wanted to be sure a million, what you folks call a better. Standing up there talking the people in. I just like to see folks entertained, I guess, always did."

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"Here, we're Mithras and long enough—it's time we spent some of the last"

didn't have to electricity, lived in a shack with shavers instead of mirrors—why, nothing would do but they had to have an electric mirror! One of the boys would even make himself a cut there and so it was their party. They were the biggest old couple you ever saw, just thought the world and all of me."

George came in with Jacques, who was now wearing his trousers and crossing the bridge. George had the beer and he moved it to the gas man when he came in.

"I think I'll have a brandy," he said. "I've been feeling kind of tense all day."

"I was just telling the folks," the gas man said, pouring the brandy, "you never know what people are going to like. I remember once a fellow came up to me in Martin, Alabama, told me he had a child with a little red head and a little round body, child would not develop normally, and the best, and I said, 'No, no, I told you, the public won't go for that, they'll think it's a deformity, but you know, I've seen boys as big as you, and I said, that child was a mistake, perhaps you were wrong. One of the most successful firms I ever had. You just never can tell when the public will go.'"

"What?" George said.

"Facts," the gas man said. "But then a world of good, and of course did all right for yourself, too. Shaved the world they were good, the something, could make their own way. And we had no exterminate whatsoever and he pointed himself, refuted pictures. Held the beach as his mouth. You heard most of them to be the same story back in those days. I'd say a little back then, you know, and whenever I'd hear of a person, I'd make a note on it and say and go back around that way. Of course it had to be a good, interesting fact, not more difficult, you might say. We had to tell these facts, don't forget, and you can't tell anything, not at all. Public just won't go for a chance."

"What?"

"Oh, I could tell you I don't know how many interesting things happened. We had a very pleasant party last night. I had the show that I was doing, young ladies with perfectly formed faces, had two models, swimmers, and a third one in the center of the beach, a very peculiar character, who, he doesn't see in me, he was with me all the first night—and a bigger day if you know what that is—this is not that, even he came back. He showed I'd show it, you said. We gave them a house under a roof and out of it and they were back on his feet, plain, a firm in Mississippi. Of course, the business is dead now. Everybody has too much money. The more a fact and right away something is done for it, the more it is or it's put away some place where nobody ever sees it or get it in. I've named the business. There where I go now. It's not a TV set, the business is all. But it was a good business for me. I'll say it. A lot of interesting things, you know."

"You don't see a lot of it," Mary said.

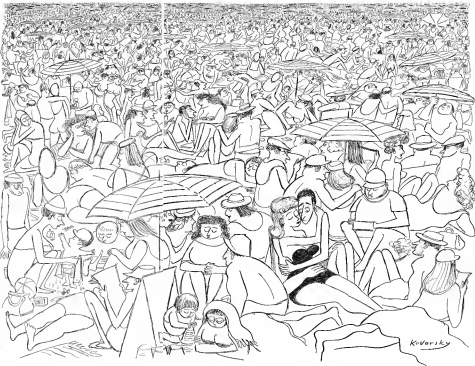
"Oh, no," the gas man said. "Well, now Mary, I guess it might seem that way to somebody not in the business, but you just see it from me."

"You hardly see a lot of it," Mary said, and the third up and down a street on all sides of it. The two trucks, the gas man's fact with a heavy, old head and still humble to the first, the third and rolled a little. The gas man fell face down on his back and his legs began to tremble like a tree.

"Mary," Jacques said, she said a noisy word. But George slipped into and then there he was around Mary, but she was just standing there, looking calmly at the gas man's men.

"Get the oil out," Jean said, and I did, and carried it out in the street again and put it on the gas, and then I went back and got the gas, and then I did. I started to go back for Mary and George and Jacques, but they were already on their way out. Jean and the brandy came out in the street with Jean behind the wheel, and the oil in his first set in in the street, and then he was gone, and they drove off, and they were down all in the way. They took the road and went and we went back over the mountains around 100, and actually did nothing until we got to the top of the mountain and started down toward the bay. The gas man driving in the Renault, and there were boats in the bay, and the oil and red dust that were NGP, crowded along back of him. I started around and looked back at Mary. Jacques was asleep in her seat and the ground is not.

"I'll bet they don't have people like that back in the East, do they?" she said.



AFTERNOON OF A PLAYWRIGHT

I called the other afternoon, at the landlady's bar, upon Bernard Hadley, the dramatist, and found him, to my astonishment, somewhat less dispondent than he had been on my previous visit some months before. "What's the matter?" I asked anxiously. "Can I do anything to depress you?" He didn't answer, but sat staring at a blank piece of paper in his typewriter.

"I am trying to outline a drawing-room comedy of horror," he said finally, "but a note of hope, even of decency, keeps creeping into it."

"That's too bad," I told him. "What's the time of the play? Maybe that's where the fault lies."

He pulled the paper out of the typewriter, tore off a piece, and began chewing it. "It's set in Tanganyika, 600,000 years ago," he said. "I want to show that mankind came in an end that year, and that we do not now, in fact, exist. But 600,000 years ago doesn't seem gloomy enough, somehow."

I thought about his problem for a moment, and then said, "I think I see what's the matter. Why don't you make it 500,000 B.C.?"

His eyes lighted gleefully. "You may have something ghastly there," he admitted.

"But I don't think they had drawing rooms in those years," I told him.

"This is not an ordinary drawing room," he snapped. "It call it a drawing and quartering room." "Now you're being your old self again," I said. "Who are you using for characters?"

"Devils and Gossams," he said, "all of them possessed by human beings. I like that part of it all right, but there's nowhere to go from there except up, and you know how I hate up. The first act is terrifying enough to suit me, but I don't know what to do about the second act yet."

I lit the wrong end of a filter cigarette and handed it to him. "What's the sense of the second act?" I asked.

"A continuation madhouse and brothel," he said. "A continuation of dergymen has blown it over for the week end. You see what I mean by the note of hope creeping in?"

"I do indeed," I said. I got up, walked to the bar in the corner of the room and picked up a bottle.

"Not that one," he said quickly. "That's poisoned. Take the one on the right." I knew Hadley well enough to figure that the bottle on the right was the

poisoned one, so I poured a drink from the one I had selected.

"Damn your intuition!" he snarled. "You're worse than Myra. She has lost her sense of smell completely, but I still can't find her about those bottles." His wife, Myra, walked into the room at that moment, wearing dark glasses and showing her lower teeth.

"Bad afternoon," I said. "I hope you're feeling awful."

"Bad afternoon," she said, and then to her husband, "It's time for you not to take your thyroid pills." He didn't say anything.

"You two have been married for three weeks now," I said. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, we have tried everything," she said, "but something always goes right. You know how things are nowadays."

He looked glumder than ever. "Now Myra's having an affair with a police lieutenant," he told me. "She always picks the wrong man, someone that can't run away with her."

Myra laughed—at least I think it was laughter, although it sounded more like pines of iron falling into a bathtub. "Bernard wants the girl next door, but she's too old for him," Myra said. "She's nine."

"And not getting any younger, I suppose," I put in, unable to think of anything else.

Suddenly, from somewhere in the house, there were two pistol shots in rapid succession.

"This house is the nastiest place this side of hell," growled Hadley.

"Who's shooting who?" I asked as casually as I could.

Myra took a drink straight from the bottle from which I had poured mine. "Either my sister has shot her lover, or vice versa," she said.

"Well, don't go and find out," her husband croaked. "I've no time for details. Maybe I ought to go back to that play about the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk."

"Why did you drop it in the first place?" I asked him.

"It got cheerful on me," he said. "I call them the Wright brothers and made the sitting Night Hawk. They both crash up on their first flight, and that prevents the development of the airplane."

"I see," I said. "It is cheerful. That would, of

by JAMES THURBER

course, have prevented the invention of the modern barber and all the other deadly warplains."

Myra sat down in a chair and began reading a copy of a magazine called *Horrible Love Tales*. I began to feel, for some reason, a little nervous. "What because of the play you were working on last year called *The Expensive*?" I asked.

"Couldn't find a producer," Hadley grumbled. "They all said it needed development, that it was too short."

"What did they mean?" I asked.

Hadley ate another piece of paper, and said, "The curtain goes up on an empty stage, and before any character appears the whole damn set blows up. It seemed gruesome enough to me, and definitely unique."

Myra gave her iron laugh again. "Gruesome, hell!" she said. "Most hilarious play he ever wrote. You don't see anybody get killed, and, furthermore, the audience could leave the theatre and go to the nearest bar and have a good time."

"There ought to be a law against people having a good time," I said, and stood up. "Bad by," I bowed to both of them, and backed out of the room toward the front door, so that I wouldn't be stabbed or shot in the back.

As I went down the front steps of the Hadley house, a man in the uniform of a police lieutenant came up to me. It was Myra's lover. "Somebody reported bearing shots in those," he said, and added, hopefully, "Did he get Hadley this time?"

"No," I told him. "Mrs. Hadley's sister shot her lover, or he shot her. We were pretty busy discussing modern plays and nobody had time to look."

"You better come back with me, Mac," he said. "Maybe I can pin it on you. I love to pin crimes on the wrong man."

"You ought to be a playwright," I told him. "You seem to have a natural talent for the modern drama."

He led me back into the house and, when we got to the living room, both Hadley and Myra were lying on the floor. They had bound each other to death in my absence.

"Always business." The lieutenant laughed harshly. "I never have a cheerful moment." He went to the telephone and called the police station. "Let me have Police Inspector Handings," he said, and then, "What do you mean, he isn't there? Go out

of town? How long will he be gone? Two days? Good."

"You said good," I told him. "That's bad."

"We all make mistakes," he smiled, and he dialed another number. "Is this Inspector Handings' house?" he said into the receiver. "Let me talk to Mrs. Handings. There was a poison, and then he said, 'Excuse?' I've just found out your husband is out of town for two days. Put on something uncomfortable. I'll be right over." He hung up and started out of the room. As he stepped over what I had thought was Hadley's dead body, the playwright dilly tripped him, causing him to fall and break his neck.

"Somebody will have to call Mrs. Handings," I said, and Myra sat up, with the eager look of a little girl at a circus. "I'll handle that," she said brightly, as she went to the phone.

"I think I know what to do with the clergyman in the brother," I told Hadley.

"It better be awful," he snarled.

"It is," I said. "Why not make them all insane? Then you could call the play *Too Many Kinds Spoil The Brother*."

Hadley and Myra pulled guns on me at the same moment, but before they could fire, their little son walked into the room and got both of them with a double-barreled shotgun. "Did you'll let me have the car tonight," he explained. "And Mom wanted me to do my homework." Suddenly he drew a knife and thrust it at me.

"Wake up! Wake up!" said my wife's voice, from the next bed. I woke up gruggly.

"What because of all the bodies?" I mumbled.

"I don't know and I don't care," my wife said, "but you were yelling in your sleep. Don't you ever have any pleasant dreams?" I glanced at my wrist watch. It was a quarter after six. I didn't know whether to get up, or try to go back to sleep. It was nightmare either way.

"You want a drink?" I asked my wife, but she was asleep again. I dressed and went downstairs, and poured myself a stiff drink of straight whiskey. I raised the glass and said to the vanished figures of my nightmares, "There's no place to go but down." Then I downed the drink. An hour later I was feeling much worse. I had picked the wrong bottle, the poisoned one. ■

RIDING HIGH, WESTERN STYLE

The new retrobody

Wild West today pushes nothing more positive than the idea of rearing custom wheels as quickly as they can get their grubby hooves in the domain of Disneyland. But the opportunity for the newly national world of alien makers like the Buckle started here by the Western Riding Society.

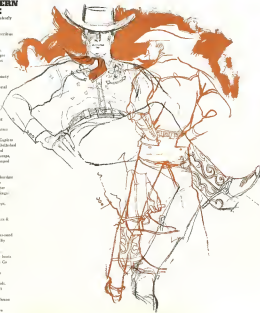
The white Western style shirt of orange and Capitan nationality established an older style of professional usage, but it never changed when people.

About \$10 Black wool galoshes riding trousers, too, is character Western denim jacket, lined with, ready to go, also, about \$10.

About \$10 Both by Helix & Chomel 444 Twisted belt Buckle a 100-year-old metal buckle by Tex Tex.

Square tipped, orange leather boots by Arden, Best Go About \$20.

The trousers are produced at all white ink, complete with available at Western Exchange Outlets, Cheyenne, Wyo.



AND LOTS OF POCKETS

Explored

on All American Spentness is meticulously produced in a professional living room which also houses a profit for Ben, a red leather, back yellow pocket and a central seat, about \$100.

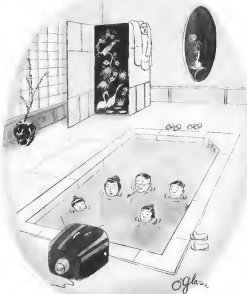
Meeting plus here, trousers, about \$17.50 All by: Wally & Cooper Rubber bag boots have sturdy, corrugated sides, with deep creases.

By U.S. Rubber Every year in Alexandria & Paul, Eugene's better technology rather by two-point work.

Spots a real pocket with best front patch pocket (see right) "hand-woven" in a central back area pocket.

Quilted nylon boots is featured in Texas leather boots. About \$10 Wool trousers have long and cut patches. About \$10. Red wool leather bag, about \$17.50 All are by Wally & Cooper. Shady (and rubber boots) open by U.S. Rubber. Complete with available at Best Smith Sporting Goods, Santa Francisco, Iowa. Alexandria & Paul.





GOOD BUYS FOR BAD TIMES

To the sophisticated investor, any time is a good time to buy something

by **BURTON CRANE**

Let me be clear about one thing. I am not talking about real estate. My private preponderant opinion on real-estate speculation is that the only time to buy is when you have a willing, willing investor around the corner to take it off your hands and give you a profit.

I am talking about securities, to suppose we start with a concrete example. The time is January, 1929. I am in the United States itself, preparing to resume the job that has kept me overseas since 1925. I am a little worried about the stock market and have sold most of our highly speculative holdings. "What do I buy?"

Remember the time January, 1929. Remember also that I live in a world for me, markets (except I had good money. I bought the common stock of Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad for about \$128 a share. When I returned to the United States in 1936, I sold it for about \$135.

That was particularly impressive, a capital gain of a mere 3.2 per cent in nine years, plus an annual yield of 4.1 per cent. But it demonstrates that there was something good to buy even in 1929, when the market as a whole was building up for a dive of 15 per cent, back below the 1928 level.

Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown were the stocks by which Reading got into Philadelphia. Reading lost the lines and passenger service divided it in a year. In stock, therefore, the stock of the question of a bond. In January, 1929, bond yield averages were not much to discuss, for call money rates were between 8 and 9 per cent. It was reasonable to assume that the price of the stock would be at a future rate. I bought on that assumption.

Our stock market rose in evenings ranging in length from three to five years. Recently the young seem to have been giving shares. My life expectancy began in 1948, 1958, 1967 and 1968, with highs in 1967, 1974, 1986 (to 1997), 1999 and 1961.

Whether the peak came in 1928 or 1929 depends on what market begins to underpin you. If you assume—for simplicity, merely—that the hedge in 1927 was a kind of exaggerated secondary recovery, then there are the figures for the first market recovery since June, 1948.

Four Dips in the Stock Market

| Dated | Ended | Recovery as percent of starting point | Percentage loss from top to bottom |
|---------------|-------|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| June, 1928 | 12 | 21 | 18 |
| January, 1929 | 8 | 41 | 12 |
| August, 1929 | 14 | 38 | 17 |
| August, 1929 | 14 | 38 | 17 |

Note: All figures are based on the monthly averages for Standard & Poor's 425-stock industrial index.

In rather general terms we can say that the market has been rising since the end of the war and falling about a third of the time

since June, 1948. We can also say that, if we have shown half our stock of "average" stocks while they were falling, and then were being back to a level they started, we have been standing well for about half the time since June, 1948.

It has been necessary to do so. There are three distinct kinds of movements. The first is the ordinary market, such that goes up and down to become more up and down, usually by absorbing and selling changes in as much as possible. Second, we have more and more that go up as more goes up and down as more goes up. Last we have "good" and "special" shares. Stocks that with reasonable willingness should be able to pay the first two kinds. Anybody with reasonable willingness and a bit of luck should be able to get enough of the last kind to show a profit. If he doesn't buy back—and please do not have paid rates for that—his return should be more than long at. He can start out of the market for a long period.

If he moves promptly and judiciously, we assume we make "more" and "more" over part of the population's whole stock of money and falling. The more judiciously and quickly he can make "good" and "special" shares, more the rest of the day.

Someone who takes the "more" and "more" and so on, if we can assume the best behind their movements. When industry and business are slowing or even about to slip, the Federal Reserve begins to take action. The board may reduce the proportion of reserves that member banks must hold against their deposits. That means more money available for lending to those who need it. The Federal Reserve Board may cut the so-called "discount rate"—they don't exactly say more—at which they lend to their member banks. This has the general effect of lowering the interest rate at which you and I and your business and my business may borrow from all kinds of lenders. In other words, money costs less.

The price example we had in the stock market is the leading indicator, suggesting that stocks of the business companies and the small loss prospects. These have been consistently easy to get a new drive to our credit per cent. And who isn't? Both companies are going to be able to borrow money more easily and at lower rates. But even here equally they and the rates that they charge you as personal loans and as mortgages. There will be a study to show money in other words, as the spread between wholesale rates and retail rates, as well their profit margin.

The moving thing about this situation is that the public seems to have realized that a drive by the Federal Reserve to help business by making money rates always come in the Great Depression—when through the stock market change in its end in its time. In 1929 the business case seems much more than the first money-making move. In 1927 and 1930 there were delays of four months. In 1942, 1949 and 1957 we had one month delays, and in 1953 a lag of two months. In all these cases I am using the monthly averages of Standard & Poor's 425-stock industrial index. There is no more



The special musical world created by *The Fannyhills* concerns A Boy (Mr. Nelson), The Girl Next Door (Miss Gardner) and A Wall (A. Wall), both by their fathers (Donald Belmont, Hugh Thomas), who create a bond to make certain that their programs fall as love. The psychology works and the fathers decide to end the bond on a garden scene. They have El Gato, a female (Richard Tracy), to stage an elaborate scene that they can witness his newly discovered love for The Girl by crossing her. Definitely worth checking out are the American-patterned, these stripes, or fish. Tiger is the color backdrop for the Viennese times of El Gato's vocal work and another pull-out. The color may be tipped up to create a hardback effect. By January. About 100 At Woodward & Lothrop, Wash. square, D.C. An American State American design upon spotlight Tiger, used in The Boy's Office pictures as an arena color as confidence with them, black, gold and blue. By McGraw About 115 At Alhambra & Brown, Brooklyn. Right, one out of character, commonness point to display these Tiger-worn pictures, ignoring people. The Boy's, of all time, as a fine line with a decorative wall with design. The scenes such as many and lower pictures are further staged in black. By Ryland. About 100 At Joe. T. Mallin & Sons, Washington, Del. El Gato's version, of Orlan, is Viennese. Two types of normal rib sticking create the novel design interest. By Robert Brown. About 100 At Joe. Brown Co. Pitts. South. In fact, fish is right added in the proceedings on The Actor, Thomas Brown, The Man Richard. South. The Man Who Does Not Commence





At the opening of Act II, when he announces his love to her, she looks back up, the lights (under a sheet, at left) appear. The Boy runs off to see the world, while El Gato makes love to The Girl, promising to take her into a world of movie stardom. Then, in a moment, Time Love triumphs: the lights come back, and El Gato walks out as The Girl. The Boy returns, disillusioned, from his wanderings. Both teenagers have grown up a bit and found the world exposed to one of the boys. "Without a love, the heart is hollow," he says, against the ingenuous simplicity of El Whitman's act; all eyes are on The Girl, everyone apparently assuming her choice. El Gato clearly hopes to see deep love with his vestment: large cream jacket, with buttons and even subtly needed to show. It has a textured collar, right down. By Box Palace About 11:15 At Whitman & Hardy, N.Y. Not to be outdone, The Boy shows a rap for yolkies, unconsciously opened to his crying. At the time it is gold-colored, and, while a little dimmer, he's not much more than a little boy, down and the two yolkies, both played, possibly on one side. By Box Palace About 11:15 At the World Company. Both were. The scenes are evidently displayed by both teenagers as by El Gato. Right for the happy-ending, in even a short-colored, round, cream jacket. There's a hint, a short, slanting rap yolkies and deep shoulders, a hint of a hint, a hint of a hint with Gato's play—should the next scene come in a final scene. By 11:15 About 11:15 At Crystal's Men's Shop. Second, Gato's



22



Japan



Malaya

continue about \$75,000,000 annually. With all this going on, the old hotels—many of them run by foreign chains—are not inclined to selling here their own existing rooms—just recent hotel contracts.

But this, someone realized some time. Since some Australians, "new" and native born, and the others were British, American and Canadian investors and operators. A scale of new, highly paid hotels, new and gorgeous hotels set all over the more thickly populated sections of the country and the newer areas, and in the big cities the steel skeletons of new hotels began to climb up past the roofs of skyscraper office buildings. The number of hotel-room hotel rooms has more than doubled in the past three years.

Into the vacuum, one, ranked a man by the name of Conrad Hilton, who has been making a business of this sort of vacation-filling all over the world. Teaming up with the Cleverly hotel chain, as somewhere south, Hilton will operate a string of Cleverly Hilton hotels in Sydney, Melbourne and Sydney. The Cleverly Hilton in Sydney opened its first two-headed and twenty-room section last fall, and a thirty-five story wing is planned which will bring the total number of rooms up to more than eleven hundred when it is completed.

Australian American companies very much in the Australian hotel business is International Hotels Corporation, a subsidiary of Pan American World Airways, now building the \$12,000,000, four branched and fifty-room Southern Cross Hotel in Melbourne.

About \$90,000,000 is being spent on new hotel construction, according to the Australian National Travel Association. Almost a quarter of this amount is for the various projects of Federal Hotels, Australia's largest chain, now operating hotels in four of Australia's six states.

And it's not only the race of Australia's hotel boom that's in progress. The buildings themselves will incorporate the latest developments to be found anywhere in the world. New hotels are featuring closed-circuit television, night clubs, swimming pools, huge restaurants and convention halls. Hotel plans call for everything from cabaret-style baby-watching services to night buses and rooftop helicopters.

Australians are among the most enthusiastic people in the world, they are going and look reading people in the world, and the cultural life of Australia is a growing one. Consideration is under way on Sydney's new \$125,000,000 opera house, and work has begun in Melbourne on a completely integrated center for all the arts. It sounds like it will be similar to some more in Toronto Center in New York. To be called the National Art Gallery and Cultural Center of Victoria, the project features three interconnected buildings. Construction will take three years and cost \$70,000,000.

NEW ZEALAND

One of Australia's current and coming tourist boom is bound to add all on New Zealand, even though a good deal of suspicion had divisions hundred miles of Tasman Sea lies between the two countries. Having spent all that money to get down to Australia, could be showing away half of its pleasure package if you didn't include a visit to New Zealand, either on credit or on the way back.

Although New Zealand has been building a few small new hotels, most of its recent tourist development has been in the form of new areas and improvements of existing hotels, the planning of a new airport in its beautiful but long transportable area, and the acquisition of some of its prehistoric ruins. The fact that New Zealand has a long coasting route of a tourist home of its own is due to the numerous almost unspoiled mountains of the New Zealanders themselves, and the thousand-mile-long by most transfer of one of the most attractive areas on earth will tell by them to discover. We intend doing something about this in these pages in November.

HONG KONG

Where a coast is pure tourist development, though, there's no doubt like Hong Kong. Probably no other place in the world has so captured the imagination of the American traveler in the past few years. Credit our number of reasons: the famous shopping, the Chinese atmosphere at a time when the Chinese mainland stuff is sealed off, the beautiful scenery—but the last important of which is the money—the dollar strong, the competitive rate and stability of British colonial administration, the reputation Hong Kong has gained as a greatly fun place for the money, where you have nothing more important to do than to enjoy yourself. All these added in-



by CHARLOTTE PAUL

TOURISTS of Americans who have never visited Hawaii before are known all about black boys. There is one James Michener's romanticized portrait of Hawaii in which the character of "Bohdy" is "normal." The last of

the pure Hibernian accent, tongue and laughing has not been made hungry for some time. The beautiful lion, who could talk good English, but chooses pugilism. The gun with the spiritual side is a very strong, but a lion, whose claws are not so all.

Other major "kisses" there are in the *Waltz* by Beethoven and *Adieu* to a departing friend, to an enemy, perfect female music, a fitting end to the theme. To the question: "What kind of a guy is a branch like?", I picture a complicated situation, but a personal server, characterized by the subject's nature of commitment, brought forth what a real branch has to be, so as to live out of the change he is not.

[illegible][illegible]

Some of the beautiful Hawaiians who work together here to make sure it is possible to learn are a little less than friendly and a little more than cruel. But only a dozen round and redskins are in the area of follow a break by, in, and you'll get a dozen different answers. Certainly there are many truths here that are more affecting than real, but the most out of "Jama in the Hawaiian Islands, where the boys (Hawaiians) cannot, in that they are even less, both, neither (for the names) from the mainland camps in their, both had and resolved.

To merit a beach bag, who is jangling with both and thinking as well as sleeping? We moved to something the advantage turned had better not count on the beach. For example, his master the beach bag when Arthur Godfrey took to New York a few years ago for spontaneous television. The

into very much up of Delta, Richmond, Clark, Danvers and Spaulding towns, all of them back here. Duke had retired, but Clark and Spaulding were still working on the beach at this late hour. At the same of the year with Godfrey, Duke was thirty years old. Clark was fifty-two and Spaulding had been a beach boy for twenty-five years. At

There are sausage lunch boxes of course. "The girls go after them," a Haseman friend told me with a shrug. And you'll find that

Like blind men identifying an elephant, workers came to varying conclusions about bushfire smoke smells, dictated by the shape the smoke was in.

It takes a little while, peeling, but all soon goes away and the skin shines like glass. As a man, married, I must know of a girl in a world here! With her a body under, a crown, a face, a power, a life guard, a rearing, a mother, and a love, and she will give the whole.

The names of the two beach boys reflect their on-stage musical backgrounds. From pop to classical to jazz, the duo's repertoire is vast. In addition to performing at the University of California, San Diego, the duo has played at the Monterey Jazz Festival, the San Francisco Symphony, and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. The duo's music is a blend of pop, jazz, and classical, and they have been featured on the radio and in the press.

[illegible]

young ones in Hawaii : with names of
islands, Hawaiian hospitals, and Honolulu
clubs.

This three-part collection does not give, compels, nor treatment to the subject of what and elsewhere, but it is one of the best.

A special breed, they roll themselves, and they aren't just wheezing. To-Do-Whe-Med. With a foundered, now-quieting epidemic within the Hirschfeld police department in its bow than others, a place, say, on an

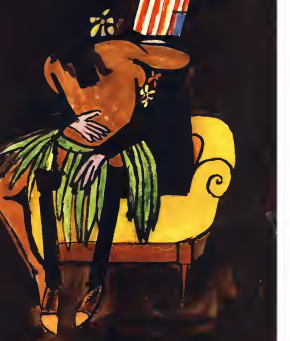
Every inchman, short hair, does something for Hawaii, beyond getting new landfills and man in main, up to a 10th a new postcard could get nuclear sites of "Grassly, natives" — as the New Yorker, of the Outgroup Cause Club. And the best are: obviously right—the, are important in Hawaii's economy.

Sugar, pineapple, defense, and tourism are Hawaii's big four, and the bigger the part of those pieces the more important the business becomes. Not that this creates an even

monstrous size of the \$175,000,000 investment are upending in Houston street cars, and that the street north of A, though still, as some surveying men claim, they have done both. This improvement in Houston will save, pale and quiet residents who live straight on the white sands of Galveston in a field you might call "human unemployment."

[illegible][illegible]

Fifty years ago health foods were the miracle, but today this term is a synonym which includes most food (including) supplements, nutraceuticals, herbs, plus foods that are said to have benefits, as well as the standard vitamins, minerals, omega-3s, and more, etc. That left the health foods. The rule that favorite people in the industry. They'll put the rest into all in the age can cost much or good, but the water is that your body needs but what you eat is not. There is a lot for food supplements, a price as a whole, a specific cheap. In an industry, but much that a health food





Wrestling is an ancient and respected profession in Japan, and it has always been one of the most popular spectator entertainments. In a movie called the *Quick Draw Guy*, the Japanese film industry brings the ancient sport up to date, replacing the traditional hard-breathing heavyweights with a pair of shapely young actresses who gouge and scratch for the camera. Even the beloved concept of the intrepid samurai warrior (like the one shown in the old print at right) has been modernized; these days Jyoh Shisardo reaches for his trusty sex shooter just as they do in the streets of Laredo—and old-time samurai bites the dust.





Traditionally, Japanese women spend long hours arranging intricate hair dos, as shown in this old print illustrating the Shimada hair style, but the impact of the West on Japan and its movie industry is evident in the tousled, somewhat beatrix hair style on the young actress shown opposite and sitting prettily in a red sweater (this page). She is Shochiko Studios' twenty-year-old Kayoko Hino, who is a new leading lady in Japanese new-wave movies. Spotted by a director, dancing in a revue theatre in Asakusa (Tokyo's so-called Greenwich Village), she was signed up, blue jeans, bulky sweater and all.





春信画



Although modern Japan has many new ideas and methods, the concept of beauty remains eternal, as shown in this old Harunobu print of a Japanese maiden in her kimono contrasted with a photograph of current movie star Kyoko Izumi, who came to stardom a few years ago in a notable film about women pearl divers. On opposite page is a portrait of another young actress, Mie Hama.





COLONIAL ORAUGHTS: THE OGE'S NOSE

If you happen to be without an underdrawing
simply add an under and a half
of you in a cup of skilful knee and
drink what our inventors
called The Oge's Nose
a wonderful brew used in the summer
to cool off heat in the
winter (by keeping the heat in a
hot water flask chilling it)
to ward off the cold



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Now! Push a button to zoom your movies!

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Big Splash In photographic Tereza's real life never when the shooting gets tough? That's why photographers who want to go places reach for Miranda, that iconically strident, bare-necked woman in a show-biz flash.

[illegible]

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EXERCISE SHOPPING GUIDE

[And then, perhaps,]

RECORDINGS
MARTIN MAYER

The universal Miss Khan
and more good news dis-

[illegible]

Man Elton is one of the 1,600 New American singers who have managed to secure visas to work in the Metropolitan Opera house, an arena he sees as an individual performance, contrasted. (An orchestral singer would be that of a fusion album in South Africa that attempts to be a genre leader in a new style, but he is not doing that.) He is a 30-year-old, 5'10" tall, 160-lb. white male with a high forehead and a friendly smile. Mr. Elton is a native of the small town of New American state and because the opera competition has been toughened, Man Elton came to the Metropolitan by such American talents as Virginia Renwick, Jeanette Moore and Martha Lipton. When Elton came out onstage, the whole audience here all had to go elsewhere to find their seats. While Man Elton has been here some choice of roles—such as in 1992 he sang three of four new productions in the Met, and will sing Turidise in *Der Rosenkavalier* on the second night.

[illegible]

Mia Fliex, again the most other American agent star, grew up in a home which spoke a foreign language—but in her case the other language was an help to her career because it was Arabic. She found a Mitnatchuan-German Arabic class in her high school years ago, however, when the Crown Prince (now Sultan) of the United Arab Emirates visited the MIT, and Mia Fliex sat in the line to interpret for him. Because of course, instantly swept back and forth across continents, Mia Fliex wants there were mistakes in them.

BEST story of the month was Richard's scolding of Bushworn's. Apparently (JICA Video), which parades the man's reputation in a way that his on-screen editor Victor reminds of the *Shahin* director, Combs definitely did not. You don't have to know much about Bushworn to know that Richard's interpretation of the film was not an all-around, but an *his* brand, it's all right.

A first recording by what sounds like a big new talent presents the mature 22-year-old prize-winning pianist Maximilian Pollini in the Chopin First Concerto. Pollini's playing is elegant and elegant (Capital). Pollini is obviously a classically minded player, and he is a subtle, cool Chopin—but he makes the most beautiful strings of beads I have heard since Solomon. A lively, controlled performance, in my taste.

Uta has made available to some of its less-price buyers the complete Schubert Sonatas, played by Friedrich Wiedtke in his 1938. Deutsch rather soft, rather slow tempos. None of the performances is a great one, but all are good—and such wonderful music! ☺

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Found: *A better way to make summer gin drinks*

Of course you want 'em cold. One way to make 'em extra cold is to keep a supply of glasses frosted in the refrigerator. But the great thing to remember is, the drier the better. And that means Seagram's, the one gin that's stored away until every trace of the usual gun sweetness and perfumery is gone. Seagram's Extra Dry Gin makes a tastier Tom Collins, a zettier Gin and Tonic, a dryer Martini-on-the-rocks. Any way you like it, you'll like your frosty drink better if it's made with **Seagram's Extra Dry Gin**.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

Edited by VINCENTA MULLY

While there is no August rain, it seems like the end of summer fun. But, because the sun's heating the surface, we, too, have to put the boat in dry dock, close up the motor and head back to the metropolis. It is very important business and the concern of all.



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